more; he who had few, soon lost even those which he had,
A contact buried in the earth was wasted; used, it would multiply. Give us this day our daily contact. Clubs, bars and grill-rooms were the mart; smiles, confidences, meals and drinks, jokes, mostly salacious, the medium of exchange; money, the oil which ensured smooth running.

To sell an idea was the concern of many; ideas ripe, ideas ripe, buy my idea. An American publicist announced that at one point it would have been possible 'to sell a European war to the Middle-West,' though without stating the price it might have been expected to fetch. Personalities were sold, sometimes realising high prices, sometimes knocked down for paltry sums; hopes were sold, and fears, and futures, and pasts. Selling them was an art, not a trade; more like conducting an orchestra than street-hawking—the little gossip-paragraph and chance reference, as well as large hoardings and display advertisements, contributing to the whole symphony; piano needed to intensify the fortissimo effects. The orchestra was large, with many players and instruments; its music varied, its turnover considerable, and its audience large and appreciative.